

How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea, in  
an instant surrounds us once more,  
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved, all  
distinctly are seen on the shore !

2. Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away, we  
but look, and a vision behold—  
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals with its  
colors of crimson and gold—  
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,  
from beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"  
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely as any  
that beam on us now.
3. While the Old Year departing strides ghost-like along  
o'er the hills that are dark with the storm,  
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim, and  
the play of affection is warm :  
Look once more—as the garlanded Spring reappears, in  
her footsteps we welcome a train  
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem that  
has cut their dear names on the pane.
4. From the canvas of Vandyke and Kneller that hangs on  
the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,  
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down on the  
guests and the revel and all ;  
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse, and  
though rendered immortal by Art,  
Yet outshines not the beauty that breathing below, in a  
moment takes captive the heart.
5. Many winters have since frosted over these panes with  
the tracery-work of the rime,  
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn  
from some far-away tropical clime—